

MERRIMACK MAGAZINE

AND

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"REPLETE WITH EVERY CHARM THAT IMPROVE THE HEART,
"TO SOOTHE LIFE'S SORROWS, AND ITS JOYS IMPART."

No. 9.]

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[Vol. I.]

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Advertisements of Fancy Articles and New Literary
Publications, will be thankfully received.

Miscellaneous Selections.

WILLIAM AND MARY.

The piece which at present occupies our Novel Department, is from the pen of an anonymous female writer of the first celebrity, in London, under the signature of *The Old Woman*. Her principal efforts are directed to the improvement of her own sex, and we can with safety declare, her performances do credit to her genius and her heart; as it is her custom to blend amusement with instruction she is more likely to succeed in her laudable undertaking. The tale we are about to relate the introduces as addressed to her in her maternal character, from a female correspondent. — *N.Y. Weekly Visitor*.

MADAM,

THE freedom with which you suffer yourself to be addressed, and the prompt attention you pay to your correspondents, at once convince me of the liberality of your mind, and the obligingness of your disposition. This emboldens me to lay myself open to your view, in hopes that my brief history may operate, either as an encouragement, or an example, to those who are similarly circumstanced; and in the wide range of your readers, thousands feel, or have felt, the same difficulties I have had to contend with, and perhaps have been less fortunate in the application of means to obviate them. The short and simple annals of the poor, though they may fail to interest such as are elevated by rank, or blessed with affluence, are nevertheless frequently as well worthy of being recorded, as they are useful to be read. The art of living on a little, and making that little satisfy, is a science not to be despised. To teach others how to gain and preserve the respect of their superiors, to lay down a few plain maxims by which humble poverty may be superlatively happy, is a task of which virtue need not be ashamed, nor knowledge blush.

But to finish this preamble, know that I was the only daughter of a little farmer, whose rent did not exceed fifty pounds per annum; and who, to gain a livelihood, of course, was obliged to train up his child to that patient labour of which he set a constant example himself. My mother was thrifty and diligent, and managed the affairs of the family with consummate prudence. It was a maxim with her, never to overlook small expences, nor small savings; never to lay out money, till some article of dress or furniture

was actually wanted, and then to pay for it at the moment. A tradesman's bill would have almost thrown her into hysterics; she loved independence; and she knew that it could be secured only by avoiding idle expences, and keeping from running into debt. Under such a mother, I early imbibed principles of economy and management, which I have since found to be of the most essential service to me in life. Yet, though frugality presided at our board, and regulated all our transactions, it was prudence, not parsimony or avarice, that dictated this conduct. The unfortunate never went from our door without relief; and age and sickness received every alleviation that our humble means would allow.

My education, as far as learning was concerned, of necessity, was circumscribed; yet neither my person nor my mind were wholly neglected. After attending to the business of our little dairy, and other duties arising out of our occupations in life, my mother used to teach me to read; and when my father could find a spare hour, he gave me a lesson, as well as he was able, in writing and arithmetic. By degrees I contracted a strong taste for books; but from our slender finances, and the disadvantages of a country situation, that could seldom be gratified. Indeed, except a few religious books, which ought to find a place in every sober and christian family, I was a long time before I knew authors or their works even by name. As my understanding, however, began to gain strength, I discovered in old newspapers, which occasionally wrapped up articles we purchased at the shops, that books of every character and description were daily and hourly issuing from the press; and by saving some trivial perquisites which were allowed me, to encourage assiduity, I at last ventured to order a few volumes; ill selected, it must be confessed; but which whetted my desire to procure more of a better stamp.

My parents seeing my attachment to reading, and perceiving that I never suffered it to interrupt my business, encouraged my taste as much as lay in their power; and by the time I was eighteen, I was mistress of nearly fifty books of different sizes and prices, and on almost as many subjects.

About this period, a young man, a distant relation of our family, who had for some few years been a merchant's clerk in London, finding his health beginning to decline, was advised to try country air; and as our's was judged a favourable situation, on mentioning his case, he received an invitation to visit us, and to partake of the best accommodations in our power to command. Till now I had scarcely ever seen a man dressed in the London mode; and when he made his appearance among us, I weakly and vainly wished that I might be able to dress in a style more corresponding to that of our guest, lest he should feel ashamed to be seen in my company at church, or any public meeting.

Vanity, alas! will cleave to the best of our sex; and in youth, Madam, I am sure you will allow it is in some measure venial. To make short, I

decorated myself in the smartest manner which circumstances would permit: and I had the satisfaction to find that cousin Mary, as he called me, was his greatest favorite in the family. Ignorant, however, of the world, there were few common subjects of conversation between us. I could only blush when he complimented me, and curtsy when he shewed me any civility. By degrees I assumed a little more composure in his presence, and sometimes ventured to talk of the few books I had read, and to enquire concerning others. He informed me that in London were circulating libraries; and promised, on his return, to hire for my use, some books which I had long ardently wished to read. He descanted on plays, of which I had hitherto no idea: talked of Atley's, Sadler's Wells, and Vauxhall, till I began to imagine that London must be the terrestrial paradise, and that pleasure, and amusement, and happiness, must of necessity there fill up every hour with enjoyment. If I have since found that good and ill are equally mixed in every situation, that the bustle of business, and the parade of fashion, the charms of varied amusement, and the intoxications of dissipation, can neither soothe the disordered mind, nor stop the throb of pain, it is only a natural consequence of more mature knowledge, and more extensive observation. Youth is the season of gay dreams and delusive appearances: it is the early period of life in which painful reflection does not dash the cup of present enjoyment; and stern must be that moralist, who would blame its innocent fallies of imagination, or wish to shorten their reign!

In a few weeks, which seemed to fly over my head with the rapidity of lightning, I began to perceive a new sensation in my breast. I felt that the company of my London cousin was too agreeable to me to be lost without a struggle; and as his health and engagements both allowed and required that he should re-visit the vast metropolis, which I too sighed to see, the day of separation was at last fixed, and I anticipated it with a degree of pain which I had never experienced before. On his part, by many oblique hints, fair looks and endearing expressions, he evinced that I was not indifferent to him; and when he was about to take leave, with an impassioned tone, he begged that I would do him the favor to correspond with him. I observed, that my situation precluded me from having any thing to say which would be worth his attention; but he silenced me by declaring, that to hear I was well and happy, would ever to him be the most agreeable information; and to see me again would be his sweetest hope. The blush of virgin modesty suffused my face to hear sounds so grateful to my ears; my knees trembled, my heart palpitated; and in this condition we bade each other adieu.

The night after I parted with my cousin William, as I shall now call him, sleep refused to seal my eyes. I perceived that he had made an impression on my heart to which I had been a stranger before; and yet so new was the emotions I felt, that I wished to conceal them even

from myself. I had read of love; but I had never till this period witnessed its power; and such was my innocence and simplicity, that I blushed at the very idea of a partial attachment to any, except the authors of my being. I became morose and reserved: my thoughts wandered, while my hands were employed: I frequently forgot what I had the instant before determined to set about; and frequently, when asked a question, I answered directly opposite. My mother sometimes smiled at my absence; my father was half angry. "These books," he would often say, "will turn the girl's head. I never knew any good come to people in our situation who studied any thing beyond their bible. But I have been to blame: I encouraged her love of reading, though it was only with the hopes of making her more industrious, in order to deserve this indulgence, and to keep her from gossiping when she had nothing to do."

I strove to redouble my diligence, and strained my invention to please; but, though I failed in duty, I was sensible that I put a force on my inclinations to appear my former self; and could not help suspecting, that every emotion of my soul was as distinctly visible to others as it was perfectly known to myself. In this state of agitation and disguise, however, I had not continued long, before I received a parcel of books from my cousin, accompanied by a long letter of thanks to my father, in which I was mentioned with the most pointed partiality. Some trifling presents to the old people were also received at the same time, with which they were vastly pleased; and, whenever a neighbour called, cousin William was mentioned in terms which increased my partiality, though I constantly blushed at hearing his name.

As I was reckoned the best scribe in the family, I was commissioned to return him a letter of thanks for his attention to us all; and, pleasing as the office was to my heart, I assure you, Madam, I could not be prevailed upon to set about it, without repeatedly being urged to the task. Unaccustomed to correspondence, I felt the utmost difficulty in expressing myself as I could have wished; but had I been writing to a person more indifferent to me, perhaps I should have experienced neither anxiety nor fear. At last the letter was finished; little, indeed, to my own satisfaction, because, it concealed all that ingenuous passion would have prompted me to say, had not delicacy checked my pen; but it pleased my parents; and it was not long before an answer was returned, addressed to me, and full of such tender, though guarded, expressions, that my heart applied them all. This was the first letter I ever opened, and I felt it likewise the most interesting. A thousand times did I read it in secret; a thousand constructions did I put upon every doubtful passage; but love taught me to interpret the whole according to its suggestions; and though it was less explicit than it might have been, I ascribe this reserve to the same delicacy that actuated myself. Nor was I mistaken. Every fresh letter disclosed more and more an ingenuous mind, and a rooted attachment; and though I was more cautious in committing myself than even my parents thought necessary, in every reply I made, enough was said to satisfy my correspondent, that he had no rival to fear, no intriguer to deal with.

About this time, however, a young man, my superior in fortune and situation, and who had known me from a child, began to pester me with his attentions. Grateful as they might have been, had my heart been disengaged, his attentions distressed me above measure: I never saw him without trepidation, and yet he had not hitherto explained himself in such a way, as would have justified me in telling him that it was in vain to hope for my regard. At length he disclosed his wishes to my father, who, forgetting

his cousin William, or ignorant that there was such a sincere attachment between him and me, gave him all the encouragement he could have desired. He engaged my mother likewise in the same interest; no doubt, from a real regard, as he thought, for my welfare: but when they urged me to receive the addresses of a man I could not love, I could only show my reluctance by my tears, and ask, in the language of my heart, "if they thought it possible to force regard?"

[To be continued.]

From the Gazette of the United States.

FEAR.

FEAR haunts the coward in the tremendous forms of swords, guns, and armies, and tortures the guilty with death, departed spirits, hobgoblins, nay the Devil himself sometimes appears, with eyes as big as saucers, emitting fire and smoke in every direction. But fear like other gallants, has a predilection for the fair sex, and is thought, by some, a very graceful appendage of the female character; though I am of the opinion, that those who encourage his addresses will find his attendance, through life, rather troublesome. For my part, I never could see why it should not be as essential for women to possess the power of recollection and reason, in cases of difficulty and danger, as for men. Yet it may be well enough for a girl to indulge it (and if she has no natural timidity, I heartily recommend a little affectation) while she has always at her elbow a brave champion, distinguished by the honorable appellation of beau, to defend her from all imaginary or real danger that may attend her footsteps, and who will not fail if a wasp, spider, cricket, fly, or any other mischievous insect should look towards his charge, and occasion a scream, to admire her extreme sensibility, and rejoice that these little frights give him an opportunity to vary his soft nonsense, shew his assiduity to please, and power to protect. However agreeable this passion may be, I advise girls not to let it get so far the upper hand of them, but that they can discharge it immediately after the nuptial noose is tied; for what charmed the lover will be insupportable to the husband. A striking proof of this recurs to my memory, which I will relate in as few words as possible.

When I was about ten years of age, I rode out one afternoon, with my neighbour Matthew and Maria his wife. We had not proceeded far, when going over a trifling jolt, Maria turned pale, saying, "My Dear do take care, how heedlessly you drive!" The good man only laughed at this, but coming to a sideling place, the air was pierced with a violent shriek, followed by a vociferation of "you'll overset the carriage and kill me, let me get out! I would rather walk every step than ride in such danger." Regardless of her cries Matthew continued his course, and she in a fit of desperation snatched the lines from his hands. A sanguine tide flew into his face, he snatched them back, whipped his horses, and away he went, Jehu-like, over stumps, causeways and bridges—while the delicate Maria changed to a Fury, tore off her head dress (which her husband had purchased the day before to please her) and I expected every moment to see her white fingers entangled in the sandy curls that adorned the head of her best beloved. In this perturbed state we came in sight of the place that terminated our ride. Before Maria could fairly replace her bonnet, and draw over the veil of dissimulation, the happy pair entered in a profuse perspiration, mutually complaining of the excessive warmth of the weather. As I came home I was entertained with another

fray, or rather a continuation of the former. My readers cannot suppose that I remember the words which passed; but this far I can inform them, they both spake "monstrously audible."

Another lady of my acquaintance cannot sleep, if her husband happens to be absent, lest some dreadful accident should befall her, though twenty armed men should remain to guard her. The whole universe would not tempt her to risk her life on the water, in a clear day, when its surface is unruffled with the slightest breeze. If a child in its play wanders from her sight, she flies from room to room, wringing her hands, the picture of despair. Dr. Armstrong elegantly describes this passion in his "Art of Preserving Health."

"Some for fear of want,

Want all their lives! and others every day

For fear of dying, suffer worse than death.

Ah from your bosom, banish if you can,

Those fatal guests; and first the demon Fear;

That trembles at impossible events,

Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,

And Heaven's eternal battlements rush down.

Is there an evil worse than fear itself?"

In avoiding fear we ought not to lose sight of prudence, and to rush headlong into the opposite extreme of temerity. It is necessary that care should be extended to all our words and actions.

JERSEY GIRL.

Historical Sketches.

PATRIOTISM.

WHEN Vespasian commanded a Senator to give his voice against the interest of his country, and threatened him with immediate death if he spoke on the other side, the Roman, conscious that the attempt to serve the people was in his power, though the event was ever so uncertain, answered with a smile—"Did I ever tell you that I was immortal?—My virtue is at my own disposal, my life at your's; do what you will, I shall do what I ought; and if I die in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death, than you in all your laurels."

AN EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF SELF-DENIAL.

AFTER the reduction of the fortress of Sole, in Hainault, by the great Marshal de Turenne, a lady of the most enchanting form and exquisite beauty fell into the hands of the soldiers, who, thinking her the most valuable part of the plunder, carried her to their General. The Marshal was then only twenty-six years of age, and far from being insensible to the charms of his beautiful prisoner; he, however, pretended not to understand their motive for bringing her to him, commended their moderation and discretion; and giving them reason to believe that he imagined they only meant to place her out of the reach of their fellow-soldiers' brutality, by putting her under his protection, he dismissed them. He afterwards caused the lady's husband to be sought for, and delivering her into his hands, said to him: "Sir, I feel the greatest pleasure in being able to restore your wife to you inviolate; and that you may learn what sort of an enemy you war with, know that it is to the detriment of my soldiers, that you are indebted for the preservation of your lady's honor," denying himself even the harmless pleasure that results from being known to be the author of a virtuous action.

PRINCESS MARGARET OF SAVOY.

THE Princess Margaret, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy, who governed the Low Countries for some time, during the reign of her nephew Charles the fifth, was not only the protectress of learning in her time, but distinguished by the elegance of her own genius. In her tender years she was betrothed to Charles the eighth, King of France; but that Prince having forsaken her for Anne of Bretagne, she was next betrothed to the Prince of Spain. In her voyage from the Low Countries to Spain, a sudden tempest arising, the ship in which she sailed was in danger of being wrecked. In that moment of terror and danger the Princess composed the following Epitaph for herself, in the old French of that time.

*Cy gist Margot, la gente demoiselle.
Qu'ent deux maris, et si mourui pucelle.*

*Under this tomb is high born Marg'et laid,
Who had two husbands, and yet dy'd a maid.*

She happily, however, escaped the danger, and on the death of the Prince of Spain, was married to the Duke of Savoy.

Diversity.

THE great difficulty with most people is their want of method and determination. This will explain to us the reason why most of our students are so little acquainted with polite literature, and produce so few original writings. They will tell us, they are under the necessity of attending to some kind of professional business, or money begetting employment, thro' the day; consequently, have no time for reading or reflection—for planning or for executing. But the evening—that is taken up with company: not long at a time however, or at least not always. "But after the evening is somewhat advanced one has so little time, and wants to read so many things;" Ah! there's the rub—you have no method, or no determination; and procrastination, confusion, and indecision, are the plagues of mankind. Thus it stands:—Company gone, the student says he will to his task—but he has not time enough to read an oration in Cicero, a chapter of Greek, (don't scowl, fastidious reader, for there is as much wisdom in some such old fashioned things, as there is in cards and novels) a chapter of history or biography, a long state paper, a review, a poem,—or to write a dissertation, or a number for the gazette, besides he has several other little matters to attend to soon." Very well, let him attend to them *this evening*, or read *this evening* and attend to them *the next*; let him read or write, while he would otherwise be *wishing for more time*. But no, he sits down and can do nothing for want of time to do too much—there he thinks nothing—then getting up *does nothing*—turning round three or four times he *resolves* upon nothing—taking up one book and throwing by another, he *learns* nothing—sitting down again he *writes* nothing—rising again he *says* nothing:—then when the clock strikes TWELVE! he *knows* nothing; and goes to bed—Nothing. [Port Folio.]

SINCERITY is the truest test of friendship, and, though uncourtly, when well meant, claims a favourable reception: the physician who administers medicines which may be disagreeable, and the surgeon who probes a wound, as they act upon salutary principles, ought rather to be thanked than blamed, for the essential pain their endeavours occasion.

Communications.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

My attention has been so forcibly arrested by the original communications from the pen of Damon, which have appeared in your four last numbers, that I feel myself induced by an irresistible impulse to compliment him on his inimitable performances. I never before conceived the idea that common sense could be so completely burlesqued in plain prose, and the Rhymes are absolutely Prose distracted. I have heard much said of the "Progress of Dulness," by the witty and satirical bard of Connecticut, but I positively think it never was so strongly delineated as in the "Seasons of the Year."

It may seem a little indecorous in me, to express myself in such severe terms, but as your paper is avowedly published for the amusement of the Ladies, I think any of us have an undoubted right to criticize on such Cobweb Compositions.

HARRIOT.

ORTON'S DISCOURSES.

IN this time of too general inattention to the serious and practical truths of the gospel—when the things of the world swallow up the thoughts of eternity,—a bookseller who engages in the publication of such useful works as tend to promote real piety and virtue, in preference to popular, licentious, or at least, idle novels, which, it is said, are more lucrative, he ought to receive the active influence and approbation of those who duly appreciate the importance of religion, to the welfare and happiness of society. These remarks are occasioned by the perusal of a little book lately published by Mr. MARCH, entitled, *THREE DISCOURSES ON ETERNITY*, by the late rev. and pious Mr. JOB ORTON. It is invaluable for its plain and perspicuous style—but more so, for the awakening manner in which the awful subject is managed, and the kind solicitude manifested in the exhortations to be wise in time. Yet the probability is that few persons will think they have time or money to spare on such a book; and they will be left to moulder on the book shelves till some alarming providences expose the fallacious expectations of worldly minded men.

NEWBURYPORT,

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1805.

MILITARY.

THE fore part of this week has been devoted to military duty in this town. On Monday the infantry were out in companies for exercise and discipline. On Tuesday the two battalions paraded under the command of Majors Perkins and Greenleaf, and performed a variety of evolutions, with an exactness and promptitude highly honourary to themselves and officers, and pleasing to spectators. Wednesday was devoted to regimental parade and inspection. The Regiment, consisting of the Light Infantry, and six companies of Infantry, together with the Artillery company under Capt. Potter, formed the line under order of Col. John Peabody, who at 3 o'clock took the command, formed column, and march-

ed on to a spacious field parade about a mile from town, where the regiment was inspected by the Colonel, accompanied by Brig. Maj. Ayres.—The regiment then went through the manual exercise, forming columns, counter-marching, firing, &c. with unusual facility and correctness. They then returned to town and formed the line in State-Street, where they were dismissed.

[Herald.]

To Readers and Correspondents.

WE have complied with Harriot's request—of the justice of her remarks we shall decline judging.

"Contentment," is received, but we deem it by far too incongruous and deficient in poetical merit for insertion.

"Aliquis to Elvina," is under consideration—the subject is good, but "groans and tears" have a bad effect.

CARD.

THE Editors of the Merrimack Magazine and Ladies' Literary Cabinet present their compliment, to the former Patrons of the Merrimack Miscellany, (lately published Mr. Allen,) and request those who wish to continue their names on the list of Subscribers, to give them as early notice as possible, the ensuing week.—Those who may wish for numbers of the Magazine from the commencement, may be supplied by applying immediately.

Magazine-Office, Middle-Street, Oct. 12, 1805.

Obituary.

"Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!"

DIED] in Europe, her Royal Highness Madame the Countess D'Artois, consort of the second brother of the unfortunate Louis XVI. of France.

In this town, Mr. Willard, merchant.—Mr. Jonathan Pearson, aged 50.—Mrs. Rachel Davis, aged 55.—Mr. Moses Hoyt, aged 66.—Capt. William Haskel, aged 40.—Mrs. Waterman, consort of Mr. Luther Waterman.

A Child of Mr. Pettingill.

— Mr. Downs.

— Mr. James Richards.

— Capt. Woodbury.

New Spelling-Book.

JUST PUBLISHED, AND FOR SALE,

AT THE BOOKSTORE OF

ANGIER MARCH,

No. 13, Market-Square,

THE First Newburyport Edition of PERRY'S SPELLING-BOOK, revised and improved, with valuable additions.—A fair, neat type and fine, white paper being essential requisites in School Books, the publisher of this edition has been particularly careful to have the typographical appearance equal, at least, to that of any Spelling-Book extant; although the increase of expense will considerably reduce the profits. The plan is PERRY'S, and exactly conformable to that of his Royal Standard English Dictionary:—but several judicious teachers being of opinion that some alterations in the grammatical and miscellaneous part would be useful, it has been attempted; with what success, literary judges will decide. The publisher submits it with sanguine hopes of general approbation. The opinion of highly respected individuals has been flattering.

Bookellers will be supplied on liberal terms. Oct. 5. 1805.

LOST—Last evening, a Store Key; the finder will receive the thanks of the owner, by leaving it at this Office. Oct. 12.

FOUND—Some weeks since, a Ladies Shoe Clock. The owner may have it by applying at the Magazine-Office. Oct. 12.

Poetry.

SEDUCTION.

FAIR as the sinner forms that poets feign,
Young Anna grew beneath a mother's eye;
Struck with her beauty many a youthful swain
Felt love's keen dart, and heav'd the burlesque sigh.

Among the rest, Brechinus woo'd the fair;
A faultless form where strength and beauty join'd.
He own'd of fortune's gifts an ample share,
But false and cruel was his treacherous mind.

From his smooth tongue such well feign'd flattery fell
That Anna's yielding bosom own'd his sway;
Blinded by love, she listen'd to his tale,
And gave too soon her virgin heart away.

'Thro' the thick shade where all was peace and love,
At eve they walk'd. He urg'd his pow'rful flame,
The springing flowers, the conscious, silent grove,
'That hour, alas! were witness to her shame!

The cruel robber leaves her to despair,
And vilely triumphs in his ruthless deed;
Grief rends her heart, and prompts th' incessant tear,
And all her joy and youthful hopes are fled.

Gone are the roses that adorn'd her face,
Dull is the fire that sparkled in her eyes,
Her form no more retains its wonted grace,
For her no more the enamour'd lover sighs.

Too busy fame reports the rueful tale,
Her name's the sport of every babbling tongue,
O'er scandalous tea, her sex the news retail,
It flies the theme of every drunkard's song.

She who so late in virtue's garden bloom'd,
The sweetest flow'r beneath the cheerful sky,
Is now to want or prostitution doom'd,
'To hear the jest obscene, the lewd reply:

May heaven's vengeance still the wretch pursue,
May infamy still fasten on his name,
Who from fair honour's path the virgin drew,
And gave her up to poverty and shame.

May love ne'er bless his solitary hours,
Nor Hymen light for him the sacred flame;
May peace ne'er lead him to her tranquil bow'rs,
Nor science ever point the way to fame.

May he on earth feel the avenging rod,
The woeful delegate of angry heav'n!
But when his soul flies from its weak abode,
O may his pray'r be heard, his crime forgiv'n.

—♦—

EPITAPH,

ON JOHN HODGKINSON,

The celebrated Comedian.

By Anthony Pasquin, Esq.

SHRIN'D, mid the ashes of the wife and just,
Here *Roscius* sleeps in his primeval dust!
That tongue is mute which charm'd a polish'd age,
Gave zeal to wit, and dignity to rage—
Those eyes, no more, will issue lambent fires,
Nor 'Taste refine the tide of his desires;
'Th' obedient Passions hail'd his mimic sway—
'The Muses breath'd their influence in his lay—
With pond'rous apothegm and attic jest,
He smote the Demons of the guilty breast;
Bade Virtue consecrate what science saw,
And nerv'd the system of our moral law.
Though death has triumph'd, Destiny has giv'n,
His fame to Honour and his soul to Heav'n.

THE MOTHER.

RAPT'ROUS she clasps the infant to her breast,
And lulls the smiling cherub off to rest:
Anxious leans o'er, to watch each rising sigh,
And longs again to meet the open'd eye;
See him awake, with arms stretch'd out, to find
A mother in the nurse, so fond, so kind,
Amaz'd she looks, yet feels convinc'd 'tis true,
Each rising hour fresh beauties bring to view;
Grateful to heav'n, she bends her knee,
And cries—"What'er my fate may be,
"Save this dear babe from harm.
"In mercy hear a mother's pray'r—
"Thy blessings let this infant share,
"Thy grace his bosom warm,
"Guide him safe through this vale of tears,
"From sprightly youth to graver years;
"And when his thread of life is spun,
"May he sink like the setting sun;
"With virtuous actions heap'd upon his head,
"That like the sun's last rays a lustre shed;
"Which promise fair to rise more pure, more bright,
"More glorious in the world of light."

—♦—

REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE.

BY W. COWPER, ESQ.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes, a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning,
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship he said will undoubtedly find
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
Your lordship observes they are made with a saddle,
As wide as the ridge of the nose is, in short,
Design'd to fit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
'Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could wear spectacles then?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again, in behalf of the Eyes,
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear without one if or but—
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on
By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut.

—♦—

IMITATION OF MODERN POETRY.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

"HERMIT hoar, in solemn cell,
"Wearing out life's evening grey,
"Smite thy bosom, sage, and tell,
"What is bliss, and which the way?"

Thus I spoke; and speaking, sigh'd;
Scarce repress'd the starting tear;—
When the smiling sage reply'd,
"Come, my lad,—and drink some beer."

CHARITY HYMN,

Composed at the request of the Managers of the Female Asylum, in Portsmouth.

BY THE REV. GEORGE RICHARDS.

PARENT of all, whose guardian care,
An infant Sparrow's want supplies,
Nor scorns to hear, on glory's throne,
The hungry Raven's piteous cries;

Thou God of love, whose outstretch'd arms,
With fond affection gently prest
Young children, infants, smiling babes,
To Godlike mercy's pitying breast;

Divinely taught, O Lord of thee,
Sublimely great, supremely good,
To feed thy lambs and nurse their souls,
From day to day, on heavenly food;

With fav'rite eye, regard, we pray,
Thy Daughters'* zeal in paths of love:
And nerve our weak yet willing hands,
To guide these Lambs,† to worlds above.

Meantime O Lord, thy daughters need,
Or rather needs this orphan band,
The balsams, balms, the wine and oil,
Of Charity's supporting hand.

Then be it thine, most gracious God,
To bid all feelings melt and move;
Touch female hearts, warm manly breasts,
And wake this town to active love.

* The Managers and Patrons of the Female Asylum.
† The female children of the Asylum.

—♦—

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

DISTRACTED with care,
For PHYLLIS the fair;
Since nothing could move her,
Poor DAMON, her lover,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish;
But mad with his love,
To a precipice goes;
Where, a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get;
But a neck, when once broken,
Can never be set:
And, that he could die
Whenever he would;
But, that he could live
But as long as he could:
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcern'd
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.